The Camden Journal.

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STORY OF A POEM.

The Chicago *Herald* says: Luther Laflin Mills, whom the New York *Sun* gracefully dubbed the "Cicero of Chicago," deserves the title for other reasons than his gift of classic oratory. Cicero was a poet, and a lover of poets and poesy. So is Mr. Mills. While the lawyer was in New York last, George Morgan, of the firm of Drexel & Morgan, bankers, presented the Chicagoan with a poem which has an interesting history. Years ago Mr. Morgan saw the verses in an obscure little country paper and clipped them. He carried them for five years in his pocket, and on suitable occasions read them to his friends, who always admired them. Finally, Mr. Morgan had so many requests for the verses that he had copies of them printed. Here is the poem as it appears in the copy presented to Mr. Mills. The verses are certainly beautiful, and their being published at this late date should encourage all obscure but earnest singers. No real heart song is ever lost:

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow,
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

Abandoned in the Ice.

On my first voyage across the Atlantic, being then an apprentice in the ship Dixon, of Boston, we sighted a wreck in midocean and a boat was lowered and a sailor taken from the derelict. He had been alone only five days, and the weather had been reasonably fair, and yet the loneliness of his situation had driven him mad, and he gave our men a good tussle to get him into the boat. If this situation, in summer weather, right in the track of vessels, with the sun showing thirteen hours per day, was enough to drive a sailor mad, what must be the surroundings of one abandoned in the Arctic circle? I shall tell you my story and leave you to judge.

I was a hale and hearty young fellow of twenty-three when made the harpooner of boat No. 3 on board the English whaler Search. She was a stout-built and well-manned ship, and this was her second voyage to the north after whales. Our luck, as we proceeded up the Greenland coast, was all that could be hoped for, and there seemed no doubt that we would fill the ship and be out of those seas before a sailor's ear was frostbitten. On the day that the cooper announced us two-thirds full we had two dead whales lashed alongside, and a large school of living ones were playing within a mile of us. In one hour our luck changed completely about. First, and seemingly without reason, the lashings of the big whale on the port side suddenly gave way, and the fish sank like a stone. There was considerable sea at the time, and as this fellow let go the weight of the other rolled the ship almost on her beam ends, and the lashings had to be cast off to right her. The rattle on deck fetched away as she rolled, and one man was killed and two badly hurt. We were laboring to secure the whale again when a squall came up and popped at us as you might fire a gun. No one had noticed its coming, and though it was over in ten minutes, it damaged us more than a three-days' gale might have done. We had to let go the whale, and it took us fully a day to make repairs.

That day was the turning point in the history of the voyage. It seemed as if the whales had fled from those waters in terror, for we did not see another until the ninth day. Then it would have been better had we given him a wide berth. Two boats were lowered to give him chase, and after leading them a long distance and finally being struck, he turned and smashed one of them and killed two of her crew outright.

On this same day we met a Yankee whaler coming down from the north. She was chock full and running over with oil and bone, and reported whales as plenty a hundred miles further up. Her Captain cautioned us, however, that the short Arctic summer was on its last legs, and that we must hurry our business to get out before the ice began to make. As for the old ice, drifting down with the currents into the Atlantic, there was never an hour that bergs or floes were not in sight. Captain Lord was neither conceited nor pig-headed. Every man aboard was pecuniarily interested in the voyage, and he called us aft and put it to vote whether we should go further north and take our chances or cruise to the southward and hope for luck, while sure to be clear of the ice. The crew voted to go north. We only wanted four or five big fish to fill our last barrel and square away for home, and it was now only the first days of September.

In the succeeding ten days we captured but one whale and that a small one. We raised plenty of them, but they were exceedingly wild, giving the boats many a long and fruitlesss pull. We were now off Upernavik, on the west coast of Greenland, and there was every sign of a change of seasons. Once more the men were called aft, and it was voted to hang on for four days longer and then square away for home. In less than two hours a gale breezed up from the northeast, the air was filled with snowflakes, and we were lying to and drifting up the Arctic Ocean. It was twenty-four hours before the gale broke and then the mercury went down below freezing point, and we had to get out our winter clothing. We still had plenty of time, providing everything worked well, but everything seemed to work against us. The weather came off thick and squally, contrary winds prevailed, and when we had worked down almost to Upernavik we got a rousing old tempest, which lost us all we had gained. On the afternoon on the twenty-fifth day of September the wind died entirely away, the mercury begun to fall, and that night as the ship drifted about we felt that we had taken the chances and lost. Next morning we were lying frozen in. The ice stretched away as far as we could see, and was strong enough to bear a man's weight. A smart sea would have broken it up in no time, but for the next twenty hours there was hardly a puff of wind. When it did come it headed us off again, and it was no surprise to the men to be told one morning that the ship would have to winter in the ice. We drifted slowly toward the Greenland coast with a great mass of ice, and when the shore ice was reached we cut a slip, warped the ship into it, and had then done all we could toward making her safe. Look in any direction you might, the sight was the same—ice in heaps and ridges and hummocks, with never a sight of water or a level spot.

Next day after getting the ship into her dock we got out a landing plank on each side, hoisted out a lot of square lumber from the hold, and proceeded to build a rude, stout roof over most of the decks. Everything aloft was made secure, and every crevice and cranny which could be stopped against the cold was made secure. In those days Arctic whalers went provided for such a mischance as this. We had lots of lumber, false doors and window sashes, plenty of fuel and provisions, and there was no reason to believe that we should suffer either mentally or physically. On the fifth day I went off with Mr. Lampson, the first mate, on a hunting expedition. Foxes had already been seen, and the sight of something we believed to be a bear was what started us. Daylight now lasted but a few brief hours, but the weather was calm and the cold had relaxed several degrees within a few hours. We did not intend to go over a mile or two, and we slipped away so quietly that only a few knew of our departure.

We shot a fox within half a mile of the ship, and soon after that roused up a half-grown bear, which fled before us. I don't think we were over two miles from the ship in a straight line, and we had not been absent over two hours when we heard her signal for us to return. This was done by discharging three muskets in rapid succession. We knew there must be grave reason for giving this signal, and we at once pushed for the ship. We were leaping and scrambling over the hummocks when I got a bad fall, striking on my head and shoulder, and lying unconscious for perhaps half an hour. When I came to night had set in; there was a great grinding and crashing among the ice, showing that it was in motion, and I had no idea which way to go. If the mate had seen me fall he had not stopped to ascertain whether I was hurt or not. I made a guess as to which way the ship lay, and started out, but I soon found a lane of water to cut me off. I tried another direction with the same result. Then I knew for certain I was afloat on a floe.

About this time the weather changed and began to grow cold and pretty soon there was a flurry of snow. While I was terribly scared I did not lose all sense. I piled up a number of ice cakes to make a shelter, and hanging fast to the dead fox crept under them and found the place quite comfortable. I felt that I was helpless, and could only hope that the cold would set the ice again, stop my drift, and that I might recover the ship before cold and hunger had finished me. I slept a bit after getting out of the wind, but was awake when daylight came. The ice had ceased grinding, the air was still and frosty, and I knew that I was frozen in again. Climbing to the top of a great hummock of ice I looked to the south to find the ship within a quarter of a mile of me, and in half an hour I had come up with her. She rested on an even keel, fast frozen in, with great blocks of ice all around her. I fired off my gun and shouted, but got no answer, and even before I stood on her decks I knew that she had been abandoned. The davit falls were down and the boats gone, while a box of bread, a fur cap, a musket, and some other things were left on a large block of ice. When I got aboard the evidences of a great scare and a hasty departure were more numerous. I soon concluded that a squeeze of the ice had hove the ship out of her slip and had given her such a cant that her crew feared she was doomed. The field in which she was frozen had at the same time split up, and while the men had drifted away on one floe, the abandoned ship had gone with another.

There was reason to believe that the entire crew would return. They could not have drifted many miles and would at once take advantage of the new ice to reach the ship. Holding to this view I replenished the fires, which were not yet out, filled the cook's coppers with meat to boil, and then fired my musket at intervals of five minutes as a signal. When daylight faded away I ran a green light to the masthead as a night beacon, and turned in, feeling positive that I would see the whole ship's company by morning. It was noon next day before I would give up that I was to be left alone, and two days later, when the fact became morally certain, I was strongly tempted to commit suicide. Indeed, I had written a letter to be left behind me, and had a gun loaded to blow my brains out, when a circumstance occurred to rouse up the man in me. I had gone on deck by the davit falls, though I could have mounted by her forechains. On her port quarter was a great mass of ice, four feet higher than her rail. This was a part of the bed she had rested in. As I went on deck to take a last look around I got an awful fright. Two big polar bears were preparing to board the ship by way of this mass, and their fierce growls and sullen retreat set me in a tremble. The idea of those beasts eating my body, even after death, was so repugnant as to at once banish all further thoughts of suicide.

When night came the bears still lingered. I locked myself in the cabin, and heard them rummaging about in the deck gangways and making persistent efforts to break into the deck house. It was after midnight before they went away, and next day I made preparations to repel boarders. It was not day now, but the season had brought continual twilight. I set to work to cut the hammock away from the port quarter, but after working for two hours with an ax I decided to try powder. With the tools at hand I sunk a shaft down seven or eight feet, filled a gallon jug with blasting powder, and then arranged a slow-match and was ready. I expected the ice to fly about in a lively manner, but the deck house would give me shelter. I was within a minute of firing the train when I heard a great sniffing and growling, and lo! the two same bears came up the incline and stood again on the crest of the hammock to look down upon me. I yelled and swung my hat, but they held their ground and were evidently intending to board the ship again. I now ignited the match, set fire to the fuse, and waiting as long as I dared to, ran into the deck house. I was hardly under cover when the explosion came, and for the next half minute pieces of ice were clattering on the board roof as they descended from their flight. When I opened the door and looked out the hammock was gone—levelled far below the rail, and the bears had taken to flight.

I now realized that I must pass many long weeks alone, surrounded by darkness and various dangers, and I mapped out a programme to be followed. I had breakfast at 8 o'clock A. M. Then I worked at clearing off snow and ice until 10. Then I read until noon. From 1 to 2 I got up coal and overhauled stores. At 2 I had dinner. From thence till 4 I read. From 4 to 6 I looked after some traps I had made, and nearly always had a pelt to take care of. From 6 to 7 I practised on the dumb bells. At 7 I had supper, and between that and my bedtime I studied the charts of several seas we had aboard, and learned to locate various islands and countries. I held to this programme very rigidly, knowing that I might go mad if I allowed myself to brood over the situation, and thus I slept soundly, preserved a buoyant spirit, and constantly gained in flesh.

In January there was a move of the ice which lifted the ship fairly out of the water, but after an hour she settled back without damage. By day and night there were tremblings and shocks and thunderous reports, but I got used to them after awhile and was not greatly disturbed. It was at noon on the 2d day of February that a sledge drawn by dogs came close to the ship, and two Eskimos made a long survey of it, waved their hands, and shouted to me as they went off. On the 7th two sledges appeared, bringing our Captain, mates and two harpooners, and four days later all our old crew were on board. I was correct in my conclusions as to why they had abandoned the ship. They left her hurriedly, expecting her to go down, and had drifted almost down to Upernavik, when discovered by natives and piloted ashore. Later on sledges were sent out to search for the ship, and after many fruitless journeys she was finally sighted, and when the spring break-up came we got down into the Atlantic with scarcely an adventure worth recording.—*New York Sun.*

A Convict's Escape From "Rattlesnake Death."

A colored convict employed on the turpentine farm of George R. McKee & Sons, near Valdosta, while chopping boxes was bitten on the ankle by a large rattler. The convict, whose name is Aaron Reese, was engaged with a squad of other convicts chipping or "hacking" turpentine boxes, under the convoy of two white guards. They were nearing the end of a drift in the crop, and a friendly race was being run between Reese and a fellow-convict nearest to him to see which should get out first. This prevented the man noticing as closely as he might where he was stepping. The rattler lay coiled at the foot of a large pine containing two "boxes," and Reese had chipped one of these boxes and hastily stepped around the tree in order to put a "streak" on the other box. In doing so he planted his foot squarely on the deadly reptile. Before he could jump, horror-stricken, from the perilous contact the snake struck his fangs into his left ankle. The unfortunate man dropped his hack and sprang away with a loud scream, which startled the guards and other convicts and soon brought them to the scene. They found Reese making frantic efforts to free himself from the horrible reptile, which was actually fastened to his leg. The snake was killed, a tight cord tied around the bitten leg, then the snake was cut in pieces and the warm flesh applied to the bite. The convict was removed at once to the quarters, and as soon as possible secured several roots of the "prickly ash," which can be found in almost any old field. Warm water was poured over these roots and a poultice made and immediately applied to the wound. The virulence of the poison soon covered the poultice green, and a fresh one would be substituted, until in the course of an hour the green failed to show any further. In the meantime, the convict was given a large quantity of fresh, sweet milk to drink. He soon recovered, and is now doing well.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HORSES IN MOTION.

SOME SKETCHES FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

A Horse's Various Attitudes While Taking a Leap—Odd Movements Revealed by the Camera.

Since the publication of Professor Muybridge's great work on the animal in motion the resources of the instantaneous camera have been taxed to the utmost by those enthusiasts in photography who would rather possess a plate showing a horse, with the picturesque outlines of a kangaroo, than one in

PREPARING TO LEAP.

which the same subject might be seen in the graceful and natural appearance of repose. We presume that this is simply another manifestation of that unquenchable curiosity which is one of the most prominent characteristics of man. A horse can be seen in the state we know him at any time. But the wonderful distortions of the creature as he cleaves the air with his superb muzzle are hid-

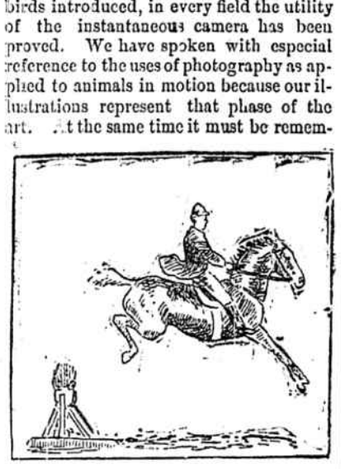
THE SPRING UPWARD.

den to the naked eye. Naturally the instantaneous camera was invented.

The value of the invention is, after all, much greater than would be supposed. It has not alone gratified our desire to see what we could not see otherwise, but it has put within the reach of every artist the most fascinating "possibilities." We might safely say that since the advent of Muybridge good pictures of animals in action have contained far more natural and expressive figures than they did formerly. In military paintings alone, a great deal has been improved, for artists have learned now

IN MID-AIR.

how to sketch a regiment of cavalry without giving each horse the aspect of having been shot bodily from a cannon. And so in other pictures, hunting scenes or studies of travel, with horses, dogs and birds introduced, in every field the utility of the instantaneous camera has been proved. We have spoken with especial reference to the uses of photography as applied to animals in motion because our illustrations represent that phase of the art. At the same time it must be remem-



COMING DOWN.

bered that the human figure has received quite as much attention from photographers; indeed, Professor Muybridge's work contains scores of remarkable plates made from racers, wrestlers, jumpers, fencers, and other athletes, all engaged in their particular sport. Thus it will be seen that the painter of the human form, and he is the most frequent personage to be met with in the artist world, is benefited fully as much as his brother of the brush who is satisfied to paint the magnificent hunter as he bounds across the fields, leaping fences and hedges like a thing of wings, or the sturdy little polo pony galloping toward the goal with every nerve in his compact body quivering with excitement. Our readers will note, however, the grotesqueness of the horses in our reproductions. It will be said that no sensible artist would paint horses in quite such outre positions. Very true. No sensible artist would. But photographs such as the five from which our sketches are taken are invaluable in just this way. They reveal the fundamental elements in the beautiful move-

LANDING.

ment which if visible to the naked eye. They show the artist of what the complete leap is composed, so to speak, and they thus enable him to grasp the problem with greater fullness of knowledge. —*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A Cat With a Wooden Paw.

A very interesting and credible story comes from Woodford, Ky. A resident of that village, Mr. Patrick McGrath by name, has a cat which is the pride and joy of his life.

This cat, who rejoices in the very ordinary name of Thomas, was born with three paws, that is to say, one leg had no pedestal. Many persons would have drowned the unfortunate kitten. The

humane Mr. McGrath, however, reared it with care, and when it was old enough to be weaned he made a wooden paw, which he fitted on to the leg where it was needed.

As the cat grew the artificial paw adhered to the flesh, and the cat could use it as well as a natural one. He runs, walks and jumps with ease and grace. But the most curious fact is that he does not kill rats and mice in the ordinary way. Thomas jumps on his victim, but instead of killing it with his claws he stuns it with his wooden paw, which he uses like a club. Mr. McGrath is naturally very proud of his cat.—*New York Sun.*

A Self-Destructive Warship.

A torpedo boat possessing some novel features has just been tested with great success. The torpedo is provided with engine and boiler, and a steam launch by which the crew may make their escape after bringing the ship into action. The The roof or deck is of sufficient thickness, in combination with its curved shape, to prevent damage from shells. In action the vessel is first taken to a convenient point, submerged from the ordinary water line, then steamed at full speed toward the vessel to be attacked. In actual warfare the crew would then take their place in the steam launch, leaving only the pilot and the officer charged with completing the circuit for the explosion of the vessel. The electrical connection may be so arranged that the act of striking the vessel attacked would explode the charge. The pilot and his associate having remained on board until the last possible moment would jump overboard, and, being provided with life preservers, could be picked up by the launch. The inventor claims that a very heavy charge of explosives could be carried in this way, and that the explosion, while it would, of course, destroy the vessel itself, would also destroy the largest iron clad afloat. The risk is great, but he believes it would be possible for all the crew to escape.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

A Long Checker Match.

Timothy M. White, of Little Silver, N. J., bids fair to become the champion checker player of the United States. A tournament in which sixty players took part was begun about two years ago. The players were matched by pairs, and it was arranged in such a way that each pair should play six games simultaneously, the player who won the least number of gemes to drop out of the tournament. If the contest between the players resulted in a tie both men were to remain in.

Each man has played up to a recent date thirty games. J. W. Merrifield, of Penn Yan, was Mr. White's last opponent. Five of the games resulted in draws and one was won by Mr. White. During the tournament Mr. White has not lost a game. Every man has been retired by him except Mr. Johntry, President of the New York Checker Club. In the games between these men every one was drawn.

When the pairs are made up for the next series there will probably be not more than four players. The games are played by mail according to rules adopted at the commencement of the tournament.—*New York Times.*

Men Embroiderers.

Mending gloves is not the only feminine art in which men have learned to excel. Everyone is familiar with the Irish embroidery on linen lawn wrought in fairy stitches in patterns of vine and flower with thread so fine that it is almost invisible. This is not the work of the fingers of pale nuns, as sentimentalists would have us believe, but of the horny hands of the sons of toil in the north of Ireland—men who work in the fields during the summer and in the winter employ their time with this dainty ladies' work.—*New York Tribune.*

The recent purchase of two thousand Texas beef steers for export to the City of Mexico seems to indicate that a demand for better meat is current there.

SUNSTROKE.

PLAIN RULES WHICH WILL KEEP YOU OUT OF DANGER.

Wear Light Clothing and Don't Hurry—Drinking Iced Liquids—How to Treat a Person Who Has Been Prostrated.

It is the easiest thing in the world to avoid sunstroke or heat prostration during the warm, humid days, if you will only exercise a little care and judgment and observe a few very simple rules.

In the first place wear the lightest flannels and the airiest clothing in your wardrobe, and don't be in a hurry.

Persons of an excitable temperament are more liable to sunstroke than those of a more phlegmatic disposition. So it is with those who have heart trouble, and it is well for them to bear in mind that it is exceedingly dangerous for them to be affected by the heat. Sunstroke causes a change in the blood by robbing it of its power to take up oxygen, which, as everybody knows, is the very essential of life. Soon the blood becomes saturated with carbonic acid, and unless this is quickly removed death must ensue. With the heart function already interfered with, no matter how slightly, heat stroke, as it is more properly designated, becomes a very serious matter.

The same is so in the case of stout people, who, as a rule, are more liable to suffer from the heat than others.

Some care should be exercised in the character and quantity of food and drink taken. It is not by any means necessary to change one's mode of living, but at the same time heavy, heat-giving articles of food, that take a long time to digest, if not altogether abjured ought at least to be partaken of sparingly. This certainly does not inflict a hardship upon anybody, for in nine cases out of ten the craving for oils, fat and such articles of food is entirely absent in the summer time and simply because the system does not require them.

Much misery and suffering may be avoided by learning to drink slowly. As the skin is apt to act freely it is necessary to keep the body supplied with liquid. Most people are possessed of the erroneous idea that the sensation of thirst is located somewhere in the stomach, and hence it is that they keep on drinking until they can hold no more. The work of throwing off this unnecessary quantity of liquid falls upon the skin and other glands, which are apt to become paralyzed in their action as soon as the slightest tendency to heat prostration manifests itself.

Bear in mind that thirst is located in the throat, directly behind the tongue. This can be demonstrated by anybody who will go to the trouble of sipping a glass of water instead of gulping it down. In this way it will soon become apparent that half a glass of water will as effectually quench thirst as half a dozen glasses, and, what is more, without producing the sensation of fullness, which is so annoying on a warm day.

Once having learned how to drink judiciously, half the danger from heat prostration is overcome.

Cooling drinks should be freely partaken of in the manner above indicated, but bear in mind that suddenly chilling the blood with very cold, iced fluids is an extremely hazardous proceeding. Have the water and other drinks moderately cold, and besides being safer to take they also become more palatable.

By paying but trifling attention to these rules, sleep on a warm night becomes natural, and this alone is half the safeguard against heat prostration, for there is nothing so invigorating and refreshing as a good night's rest.

Now, a word about how to assist a person who has been prostrated by the heat when a doctor is not near at hand.

The very first thing to do is to remove the sufferer to a shady spot and loosen all the clothing. To get rid of the carbonic acid in the blood keep the limbs in motion, not violently, and thus induce freer respiration.

A tendency, however slight, to returning consciousness is always a hopeful sign, for it indicates that the brain is receiving a supply of healthful blood. Apply cold cloths to the head and along the back of the neck. Sometimes, when the patient's hair is very thick, it is well to shave off part of it and place the cloths directly in contact with the scalp.

If the feet are cold apply hot bricks and administer stimulants, such as brandy and water, in small quantities at frequent intervals. This is about all that can be done in the first stage of prostration, and it will generally suffice, for by this time the doctor will be on hand to take care of the secondary symptoms of heatstroke. —*New York World.*

Shot the Winning Mustang.

An extraordinary incident took place during a race with Mexican mustangs at Guatemala recently. The favorite was winning easily by nearly three lengths amid the loud cheers of the spectators, when suddenly the sharp report of a rifle was heard from a small woods adjacent to the course, and the mustang dropped dead, shot through the head. A scene of extraordinary excitement ensued, and if the firer of the shot had been captured he would have been lynched, as a large amount of money was invested on the race. The search which followed, however, was unsuccessful, and the miscreant got clean away.—*National Horse Breeder.*

A Great Tenor's Larynx.

The larynx of the great tenor Gayarre, who died not long ago in Madrid, Spain, was removed after his death, and was found to be of such peculiar formation that it will probably be preserved in some Spanish museum. Gayarre received $1100 a night in opera, the largest salary every paid a tenor, and his fortune is estimated at $800,000. He was the son of a blacksmith, and a common workman when his voice first attracted attention, and he was only forty years old when he died.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE LOVERS' LITANY.

Eyes of gray—a sodden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea
In a storm of parting cheers.
Sing for faith and hope are high—
None so true as you and I—
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.
Cross that rules the Southern Sky!
Stars that sweep, and wheel, and fly,
Hear the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of brown—a dusty plain,
Split and parched with heat of June,
Flying hoof and tightened rein,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.
Side by side the horses fly,
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills,
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.
"Mabel," "Officers," "Good-by,"
Glamour, wine, and witchery:
On my soul's sincerity,
"Love like ours can never die!"

Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state,
Four times Cupid's debtor I—
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
Yet, despite this evil case,
An a maiden showed me grace,
Four and forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—
"Love like ours can never die!"

PITH AND POINT.

When a man gets on his hobby he is off.

We feel very much put out when taken in.—*Hotel World.*

When words fail to express, try some reliable freight line.

We suppose that the language of a parrot may be termed polyglot—*Binghamton Leader.*

A tennis suit is not very loud, but a racket nearly always goes with it.—*Washington Star.*

We may talk about amicable argument, but its real end is to prove that the other fellow is wrong.—*Puck.*

Most boards have the grain running but one way. In the Board of Trade the grain runs either way.—*Light.*

She—"Yes, dear, I'm afraid cook wants judgment." He—"Judgment? She wants execution."—*Punch.*

A hornet's sting is a red hot thing,
And gets there without fail;
It pounts a moral in language oral,
And beside, adorns a tail.
—*Ashland Press.*

There is a field for scientific inquiry in the fact that the more brains a man has the larger his head isn't.—*Washington Post.*

"James, I am cleaning house, so be a good fellow and beat the carpet as usual." "No, I think I'll shake it this year."—*Toronto Truth.*

"But tell me, what was there so hard to bear in the penitentiary?" Discharged Prisoner—"The piano practice of the Superintendent's wife."

The solitaire engagement ring
Right proudly did she press
Unto her lips and said it was
A glittering success.
—*Washington Post.*

Competition begets enterprise and enterprise has induced a grocer to advertise "genuine horse-radish, fresh from the horse."—*Binghamton Leader.*

Son—"Pa, what is the difference between a college and a normal school?" Pa—"I don't know, my child, unless the college is abnormal."—*Yankee Blade.*

A funny thing is that a secretary can hunt for a week to discover the record of an action taken by his society, and yet find it in a minute.—*Binghamton Leader.*

Although deceit may make you twitch,
In wooing, I am sure,
I'd rather have her think me rich
Than know that I am poor.
—*Judge.*

Stranger (entering)—"Can I get a bite at this hotel?" Stranger (departing)—"I guess you can. I staid there last night, and I got several of them."—*Statesman.*

It is all up with the baby when he takes a notion to cry at midnight. Perhaps it is necessary to state that "it" refers to the household in general.—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Clara," said he, "Clara——" "Thomas," she whispered, "I do love you; but aren't you a little mistaken? This is Friday night, and I am Sarah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Squibbs—"Did you hear of the bathing accident down at the river last night?" Nibbs—"No. What was it?" Squibbs—"A tramp got his feet wet."—*Binghamton Republican.*

Miss Oldgirl, with a graceless smirk,
Still claims to be a minor.
No doubt she means the kind that work,
For she's a Forty-niner.
—*New York Sun.*

Persons who have labored under the impression that it was heat which ascended will perhaps be startled to learn that this season it is the ice which is going up.—*Statesman.*

Housekeeper—"How are eggs this morning?" Mr. Gruff Grosser—"High." Housekeeper—"When are they going to come down?" Mr. Gruff Grosser—"When they are hatched."—*Boston Courier.*

Caller—"I have $10,000 to put into a house, and I wish to select a design." Honest Architect—"Yes, sir. John! Show the gentleman the plans of our three-thousand-dollar houses."—*New York Weekly.*

A Gentle Hint—"There seems to be a number of weddings this month," he remarked. "By the way, Miss Carrie, when will I be invited to yours?" "Will you need an invitation?" she asked, with downcast eyes and mantling cheek.—*New York Herald.*